The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.— *James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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*HOW NOT TO SETTLE IT.**

I like, at times, to hear the steeples' chimes
With sober thoughts impressively that mingle;
But sometimes, too, I rather like—don't you?—
To hear the music of the sleigh bells' jingle.

I like full well the deep resounding swell
Of mighty symphonies with chords inwoven;
But sometimes, too, a song of Burns—don't you?—
After a solemn storm-blast of Beethoven.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper feels
When the tired player shuffles off the buskin;
A page of Hood may do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.

Some works I find,—say Watts upon the Mind,—
No matter though at first they seemed amusing,
Not quite the same, but just a little tame
After some five or six times' reperusing.

So, too, at times when melancholy rhymes
Or solemn speeches sober down a dinner,
I've seen it, 's true, quite often,—haven't you?—
The best-fed guests perceptibly grow thinner.

Better some jest (in proper terms expressed)
Or story (strictly moral) even if musty,
Or song we sung when these old throats were young,—
Something to keep our souls from getting rusty.

The poorest scrap from memory's ragged lap
Comes like an heirloom from a dear dead mother—
Hush! there's a tear that has no business here,
A half-formed sigh that ere its birth we smother.

We cry, we laugh; ah, life is half and half;
Now bright and joyous as a song of Herrick's;
Then chill and bare as funeral-minded Blair;
As fickle as a female in hysterics.

If I could make you cry, I wouldn't try;
If you have hidden smiles, I'd like to find them,
And that although, as well I ought to know,
The lips of laughter have a skull behind them.

Yet when I think we may be on the brink
Of having Freedom's banner to dispose of,
All crimson-hued, because the Nation would
Insist on cutting its own precious nose off,

I feel indeed as if we rather need
A sermon such as preachers tie a text on;
If Freedom dies because a ballot lies,
She earns her grave; 'tis time to call the sexton!

But if a fight can make the matter right,
Here are we, classmates, thirty men of mettle;
We're strong and tough, we've lived nigh long enough—
What if the Nation gave it us to settle?

*Read at the Class meeting next after the Hayes and Tilden election.

The tale would read like that illustrious deed
When Curtius took the leap the gap that filled in,
Thus: "Fivescore years, good friends, as it appears,
At last this people split on Hayes and Tilden.

"One-half cried, 'See! the choice is S. J. T.!'
And one-half swore as stoutly it was t'other;
Both drew the knife to save the Nation's life
By wholesale vivisection of each other.

"Then rose in mass that monumental Class,—
'Hold! hold!' they cried, 'give us, give us the daggers!'
'Content! content!' exclaimed with one consent
The gaunt ex-rebels and the carpet-baggers.

"Fifteen each side, the combatants divide,
So nicely balanced are their predilections;
And first of all a tear-drop each lets fall,
A tribute to their obsolete affections.

"Man facing man, the sanguine strife began,
Jack, Jim and Joe against Tom, Dick and Harry,
Each several pair its own account to square,
Till both were down or one stood solitary.

"And the great fight waged furious all the night
Till every integer was made a fraction;
Reader, wouldst know what history has to show
As net result of the above transaction?

"Whole coat-tails, four; stray fragments, several score;
A heap of spectacles; a deaf man's trumpet;
Six lawyers' briefs; seven pocket-handkerchiefs;
Twelve canes wherewith the owners used to stump it;

"Odd rubber-shoes; old gloves of different hues;
Tax-bills,—unpaid,—and several empty purses;
And saved from harm by some protecting charm,
A printed page with Smith's* immortal verses;

"Trifles that claim no very special name,—
Some useful, others chiefly ornamental;
Pins, buttons, rings, and other trivial things,
With various wrecks, capillary and dental.

"Also one flag,—'twas nothing but a rag,
And what device it bore it little matters;
Red, white, and blue, but rent all through and through,
'Union forever' torn to shreds and tatters.

*"My Country 'tis of Thee."

"They fought so well not one was left to tell
Which got the largest share of cuts and slashes;
When heroes meet, both sides are bound to beat;
They telescoped like cars in railroad smashes.

"So the great split that baffled human wit
And might have cost the lives of twenty millions,
As all may see that know the rule of three,
Was settled just as well by these civilians.

"As well. Just so. Not worse; not better; No;
Next morning found the Nation still divided;
Since all were slain, the inference is plain
They left the point they fought for undecided."

If not quite true, as I have told it you,—
This tale of mutual extermination,
To minds perplexed with threats of what comes next,
Perhaps may furnish food for contemplation.

To cut men's throats to help them count their votes
Is asinine—nay, worse—ascidian folly;
Blindness like that would scare the mole and bat,
And make the liveliest monkey melancholy.

I say once more, as I have said before,
If voting for our Tildens and our Hayeses
Means only fight, then, Liberty, good night—
Pack up your ballot-box and go to blazes!

Unfurl your blood-red flags, ye murderous hags,
Ye petroleuses of Paris fierce and foamy;
We'll sell our stock in Plymouth's blasted rock.
Pull up our stakes and migrate to Dahomey!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE ETHICS OF DRESS.

INSTEAD OF A SERMON.

"I'm sure," said Humming-bird, "we all would like to be noble and heroic. During the war I did so long to be a man! I felt so poor and insignificant because I was nothing but a girl!"

"Yet, my child, what could Grant or Sherman have done if it had not been for the thousands of brave privates who were content to do each his imperceptible little,—if it had not been for the poor, unnoticed, faithful, never-failing common soldiers, who did the work and bore the suffering? No

one man saved our country, or could save it; nor could the men have saved it without the women. Every mother that said to her son, 'Go'; every wife that strengthened the hands of her husband; every girl who sent courageous letters to her betrothed; every woman who worked for a fair; every grandam whose trembling hands knit stockings and scraped lint; every little maiden who hemmed shirts and made comfort-bags for soldiers,—each and all have been the joint doers of a great heroic work, the doing of which has been the regeneration of our era. A whole generation has learned the luxury of thinking heroic thoughts and being conversant with heroic deeds, and I have faith to believe that all this is not to go out in a mere crush of fashionable luxury and folly and frivolous emptiness, but that our girls are going to merit the high praise given us by De Tocqueville, when he placed first among the causes of our prosperity the *noble character of American women.* Because foolish female persons in New York are striving to outdo the *demi-monde* of Paris in extravagance, it must not follow that every sensible and patriotic matron and every nice, modest young girl must forthwith and without inquiry rush as far after them as she possibly can. Because Mrs. Shoddy opens a ball in a two-thousand dollar lace dress, every girl in the land need not look with shame on her modest white muslin. Somewhere between the fast women of Paris and the daughters of Christian American families there should be established a *cordon sanitaire,* to keep out the contagion of manners, customs, and habits with which a noble-minded, religious, democratic people ought to have nothing to do."

"The fact is," said I, "that the love of dress and outside show has been always such an exacting and absorbing tendency that it seems to have furnished work for religionists and economists in all ages to keep it within bounds. Various religious bodies at the outset adopted severe rules in protest against it. The Quakers and the Methodists prescribed certain fixed modes of costume as a barrier against its frivolities and follies. In the Romish Church an entrance on any religious order prescribed entire and total renunciation of all thought and care for the beautiful in person or apparel, as the first step towards saintship. . . . The costume of the *religieuse* seemed to be purposely intended to imitate the shroudings and swathings of a corpse and the lugubrious color of a pall, so as forever to remind the wearer that she was dead to the world of ornament and physical beauty. All great Christian preachers and reformers have levelled their artillery against the toilet, from the time of Saint Jerome downward; and Tom Moore has put into beautiful and graceful verse Saint Jerome's admonitions to the fair churchgoers of his time.

"But the defect of all these modes of warfare on the elegances and refinements of the toilet was that they were too indiscriminate. They were in reality founded on a false principle. They took for granted that there was something radically corrupt and wicked in the body and in the physical system. According to this mode of viewing things, the body was a loathsome and pestilent prison, in which the soul was locked up and enslaved, and the eyes, the ears, the taste, the smell, were all so many corrupt traitors in conspiracy to poison her. Physical beauty of every sort was a snare, a Circean enchantment, to be valiantly contended with and straightly eschewed. Hence they preached, not moderation, but total abstinence from all pursuit of physical grace and beauty."

"But don't you think," said Pheasant, "that a certain fixed dress, marking the unworldly character of a religious order, is desirable? Now, I have said before that I am very fond of dress. I have a passion for beauty and completeness in it; and, so long as I am in the world and obliged to dress as the world does, it constantly haunts me and tempts me to give more time, more thought, more money, to these things than I really think they are worth. But I can conceive of giving up this thing altogether as being much easier than regulating it to the precise point. I never read of a nun's taking the veil without a certain thrill of sympathy. To cut off one's hair, to take off and cast from her, one by one, all one's trinkets and jewels, to lie down and have the pall thrown over one, and feel one's self once for all dead to the world,—I cannot help feeling as if this were real, thorough, noble renunciation, and as if one might rise up from it with a grand, calm consciousness of having risen to a higher and purer atmosphere, and got above all the littlenesses and distractions that beset us here. So I have heard charming young Quaker girls, who in more thoughtless days indulged in what for them was a slight shading of worldly conformity, say that it was to them a blessed rest when they put on the strict, plain dress, and felt that they really had taken up the cross and turned their backs on the world. I can conceive of doing this much more easily

than I can of striking the exact line between worldly conformity and noble aspiration in the life I live now."

"My dear child," said I, "we all overlook one great leading principle of our nature, and that is that we are made to find a higher pleasure in self-sacrifice than in any form of self-indulgence. There is something grand and pathetic in the idea of an entire self-surrender, to which every human soul leaps up as we do to the sound of martial music.

"How many boys of Boston and New York, who have lived effeminate and idle lives, felt this new power uprising in them in our war! How they embraced the dirt and discomfort and fatigue and watchings and toils of camp-life with an eagerness of zest which they had never felt in the pursuit of mere pleasure, and wrote home burning letters that they never were so happy in their lives! It was not that dirt and fatigue and discomfort and watchings and weariness were in themselves agreeable, but it was a joy to feel themselves able to bear all and surrender all for something higher than self. Many a poor Battery bully of New York, many a street rowdy, felt uplifted by the discovery that he, too, had, hid away under the dirt and dust of his former life, this divine and precious jewel. He leaped for joy to find that he, too, could be a hero. Think of the hundreds of thousands of plain, ordinary workingmen, and of seemingly ordinary boys, who, but for such a crisis, might have passed through life never knowing this to be in them, and who courageously endured hunger and thirst and cold and separation from dearest friends, for days and weeks and months, when they might, at any day, have bought a respite by deserting their country's flag! Starving boys, sick at heart, dizzy in head, pining for home and mother, still found warmth and comfort in the one thought that they could suffer, die, for their country; and the graves at Salisbury and Andersonville show how in many souls this noble power of self-sacrifice to the higher good was lodged; how many there were, even in the humblest walks of life, who preferred death by torture to life in dishonor.

"It is this heroic element in man and woman that makes self-sacrifice an ennobling and purifying ordeal in any religious profession. The man really is taken into a higher region of his own nature, and finds a pleasure in the exercise of higher faculties which he did not suppose himself to possess. Whatever sacrifice is supposed to be duty, whether the supposition be really correct or not, has in it an ennobling and purifying power; and thus the eras of conversion from one form of the Christian religion to another are often marked with a real and permanent exaltation of the whole character. But it does not follow that certain religious beliefs and ordinances are in themselves just, because they thus touch the great heroic master-chord of the human soul. To wear sackcloth and sleep on a plank may have been of use to many souls as symbolizing the awakening of this higher nature, but still the religion of the New Testament is plainly one which calls to no such outward and evident sacrifices."

"Then you do not believe in influencing this subject of dress by religious persons adopting any particular laws of costume?" said Pheasant.

"I do not see it to be possible," said I, "considering how society is made up. There are such differences of taste and character—people move in such different spheres, are influenced by such different circumstances—that all we can do is to lay down certain great principles, and leave it to every one to apply them according to individual needs."

"But what are these principles? There is the grand inquiry."

"Well," said I, "let us feel our way. In the first place, then, we are all agreed in one starting-point,—that beauty is not to be considered as a bad thing; that the love of ornament in our outward and physical life is not sinful or a dangerous feeling, and only leads to evil, as all other innocent things do by being used in wrong ways. So far we are all agreed, are we not?"

"Certainly," said all the voices.

"It is therefore neither wicked nor silly nor weak-minded to like beautiful dress, and all that goes to make it up. Jewelry, diamonds, pearls, emeralds, rubies, and all sorts of pretty things that are made of them, are as lawful and innocent objects of admiration and desire as flowers or birds or butterflies or the tints of evening skies. Gems, in fact, are a species of mineral flower: they are the blossoms of the dark, hard mine, and what they want in perfume they make up in durability. The best Christian in the world may, without the least inconsistency, admire them, and say, as a charming, benevolent old Quaker lady once said to me, 'I do so love to look at beautiful jewelry!' The love of beautiful dress in itself, therefore, so far from being in a bad sense worldly may be the same indication of a refined and poetical nature

that is given by the love of flowers and of natural objects.

"In the third place, there is nothing in itself wrong, or unworthy a rational being, in a certain degree of attention to the fashion of society in our costume. It is not wrong to be annoyed at unnecessary departures from the commonly received practices of good society in the matter of the arrangement of our toilet; and it would indicate rather an unamiable want of sympathy with our fellow-beings if we were not willing, for the most part, to follow what they indicate to be agreeable in the disposition of our outward affairs."

"Well, I must say, Mr. Crowfield, you are allowing us all a very generous margin," said Humming-bird.

"But now," said I, "I am coming to the restrictions. When is love of dress excessive and wrong? To this I answer by stating my faith in one of old Plato's ideas, in which he speaks of beauty and its uses. He says there were two impersonations of beauty worshipped under the name of Venus in the ancient times,—the one celestial, born of the highest gods, the other earthly. To the earthly Venus the sacrifices were such as were more trivial, to the celestial such as were more holy. 'The worship of the earthly Venus,' he says, 'sends us oftentimes on unworthy and trivial errands, but the worship of the celestial to high and honorable friendships, to noble aspirations and heroic actions.'

"Now it seems to me that, if we bear in mind this truth in regard to beauty, we shall have a test with which to try ourselves in the matter of physical adornment. *We are always excessive when we sacrifice the higher beauty to attain the lower one.* A woman who will sacrifice domestic affection, conscience, self-respect, honor, to love of dress, we all agree, loves dress too much. She loses the true and higher beauty of womanhood for the lower beauty of gems and flowers and colors. A girl who sacrifices to dress all her time, all her strength, all her money, to the neglect of the cultivation of her mind and heart and to the neglect of the claims of others on her helpfulness, is sacrificing the higher to the lower beauty: her fault is not the love of beauty, but loving the wrong and inferior kind.*

"It is remarkable that the directions of Holy Writ, in regard to female dress, should distinctly take note of this difference between the higher and the lower beauty which we find in the works of Plato. The apostle gives no rule, no specific costume, which should mark the Christian woman from the pagan, but says, 'whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' The gold and gems and apparel are not forbidden; but we are told not to depend on them for beauty, to the neglect of those imperishable, immortal graces that belong to the soul. The makers of fashion among whom Christian women lived when the apostle wrote were the same class of brilliant and worthless Aspasias who make the fashions of modern Paris, and all womankind was sunk into slavish adoration of mere physical adornment when the gospel sent forth among them this call to the culture of a higher and immortal beauty.

"In fine, girls," said I, "you may try yourselves by this standard. You love dress too much when you care more for your outward adornings than for your dispositions, when it afflicts you more to have torn your dress than to have lost your temper, when you are more troubled by an ill-fitting gown than by a neglected duty, when you are less concerned at having made an unjust comment or spread a scandalous report than at having worn a *passé* bonnet, when you are less troubled at the thought of being found at the last great feast without the wedding garment than at being found at the party to-night in the fashion of last year. No Christian woman, as I view it, ought to give such attention to her dress as to allow it to take up *all* of three very important things; *viz.*, *all* her time, *all* her strength, *all* her money. Whoever does this lives not the Christian, but the pagan life; worships not at the Christian's altar of our Lord Jesus, but at the shrine of the lower Venus of Corinth and Rome."

"Oh, now, Mr. Crowfield, you frighten me," said Humming-bird. "I am so afraid, do you know, that I am doing exactly that."

"And so am I," said Pheasant; "and yet, certainly, it is not what I mean or intend to do."

"But how to help it?" said Dove.

"My dears," said I, "where there is a will there is a way. Only resolve that you will put the true beauty first: even if you do have to seem unfashionable, you will follow the highest beauty of womanhood, and the battle is half gained. Only

*May we insert here the words "to excess?"

resolve that your time, your strength, your money, such as you have, shall not all—nor more than half—be given to mere outward adornment, and you will go right. It requires only an army of girls animated with this noble purpose to declare independence in America, and emancipate us from the decrees and tyrannies of French actresses and ballet-dancers. *En avant*, girls! You yet can, if you will, save the republic."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Alone with God! how still a calm
Steals o'er me, sweet as music's balm
When seraphs sing a seraph's psalm!

Alone with God! he only knows
If sorrow's ocean overflows
The silent spring from whence it rose.

Alone with God! he mercy lends;
Life's fainting hope, life's meagre ends,
Life's dwarfing pain he comprehends.

Alone with God! my Father, bless
With thy celestial promises
The soul that needs thy tenderness.

NEARNESS TO THE FATHER.

God is very near every human soul. I do not say that he is equally near all men. When a soul lives a sincere and holy life, its sense of the presence of God amounts to inspiration. Men often forget that God is near them, but there are many ways by which they are reminded of the Father. The most usual mode is by the presence of suffering or danger, when men feel as if the eye of Omnipotence were looking down out of the heavens upon them. Souls of a nobler order and in a higher state are otherwise reminded. A truly great and good man is constantly reminded of his Father's presence.

The first of the conditions on which depends our nearness to the Deity is *sincerity*. We must have a hearty love for the truth in every person and subject and in every place. We must love the truth because it is of God, and listen to its counsel as if God spoke directly to us. In dealing with other minds we should only care to find out their truth and increase it by gifts of our own, not to abuse them by making them ashamed of what they have. And we must not trifle with ourselves,—this is our great danger,—not that we cheat others, but that we cheat our own souls out of our best possessions. There is an election impending in the heart of each human being, upon which his happiness and his welfare depend.

There is another condition of nearness to the Father; *viz.*, that we live up to the light he has given us. The man who lives constantly below his conscience, and tries to apologize to it or evade its demands, may now and then see heaven as in a vision or a dream; but only he who faces duty, and says he will be a true disciple of Jesus, *is* in heaven.—*A. D. Mayo.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club. to be printed here.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

The Editor ventures to suggest that it is usually best to give the name of the *author* of the book desired, as well as the title.

1. "Alice in Wonderland" and "Robinson Crusoe" are very much wanted by Charlie Lee Martin; also a suitable book for his seven-year-old brother, George S. Martin, McDowell, West Virginia.

2. It has been some time since I have sent any request for reading matter. I desire to express my thanks to all who have so kindly remembered me. I would now be pleased to receive any reading matter suitable for myself and family, children from three to fourteen years old. I am in a thinly settled country, sixty-five miles from railroad, and we are placed at a disadvantage in regard to reading matter. Any good reading will be acceptable, will pass it on to others. Has any one a method, so that a person could learn to play on violin

without instruction? I would be glad to have the same. Mrs. Alice Adkisson, Lamesa, Texas, Dawson County.

3. Mrs. W. F. Galloway, Hobgood, North Carolina, will be glad to receive a "History of Greece."

4. Mrs. Harriette Moore, Campbell, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 23, a woman of seventy, asks for any light reading.

5. Mrs. T. A. Gregory, Callands, Route 1, Virginia, formerly of Swansonville, asks for "Jane Eyre" and "Captain Eri" or any of Miss Alcott's books.

6. I would be glad to get magazines occasionally, or any good reading: would be glad of a fashion magazine. Miss Josie Carden, Athens, Texas.

7. Mrs. Lou M. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, will be grateful for any reading.

8. I am out of my neighborhood where I was raised, and away from all of my people. I often feel lonely, and think that it would be much pleasure to hear from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Mrs. Bettie H. Nolen, Woolwine, Virginia.

9. Julia Mullis, Peachland, R. F. D. No. 1, North Carolina, is grateful for reading received in the past, and asks for a continuance of the same. She is not able to get about and is anxious for reading, which she will pass on.

10. "Religion and Medicine," by Worcester, and "The World we Live In," by Helen Keller, are very much desired by Mrs. Kate Moore, Stoneville, North Carolina.

11. I wish to express my thanks to the *Cheerful Letter* friends for sending me literature from time to time; but since I left Pine Grove, Henderson County, I never get the good books and papers I used to get. I come now asking any one to please send me these books: "Heaven my Home," "Meet for Heaven," and "Life in Heaven." This may be asking too much, but I am just starving for spiritual food. Will send thanks in advance and asking God to bless your labors. Mrs. S. A. Holloway, Vega, Texas.

12. I come thanking every one of you for your kindness in remembering me on my birthday. I was very sick on that day, though it gave me great pleasure to hear from you. May God be with each and every one of you to guard and guide you to the better land, is the prayer of your sick friend, Mrs. J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia.

13. Mrs. B. Franklin Walker, Murray, Idaho, will be grateful for any of the following books: "Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag," "Sweet Clover," "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "Zigzag Journeys," "Robert Elsmere," "Robert Falconer," "Patience Strong's Outings," "Sights and Insights." Mrs. Walker writes that the *Cheerful Letter* friends have been very kind, and the books sent have done real missionary work; for the children have learned to like good, clean reading.

14. Mrs. A. N. Whipple, Box 97, New London, Connecticut, asks for "The Story of the Gospel," to use in her Sunday-school class. (Mrs. Whipple was formerly Miss M. Ada Cannaday, of Floyd, Virginia.) She asks also that a travelling library be sent to a minister in Virginia, whose name will be given by the secretary, on application. (The editor thinks that we now usually give a circulating library, rather than one that travels.)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Miss Virginia A. Taylor from Sandidges, to Aqua, Rockbridge County, Virginia.

Mrs. Ella Hay, from Foyer, to Mark, Oklahoma.

Mrs. S. A. Holloway from Pine Grove, to Vega, Oldham County, Texas.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

LOVE IN THE HOME.

I am always pained when I visit families wherein demonstration and spontaneity are ridiculed and discouraged,—well-ordered households where tears and pettings are not allowed; strong-minded parents who are opposed to lullaby songs at bed-time, and pack their babies off by themselves to suck their dear little scraps of thumbs for company, and fall asleep by clock-work rule and regulation. Such training is all wrong. It may make Spartans of the children, but this world is more in need of lovers. Cast-iron discipline is all very well for prison and barracks, but give us love at home.

Let the children fly to mother with their bumped heads, and not go off to choke

down their tears in a corner. By and by, when the storm of years is thick upon them, they will remember the bosom on which they wept their childish hurts away, and be braver men for the memory. Let there be outward demonstrations of love, then, even to excess: I tell you the fruit will be none the worse for the prodigal blossoms. The apples in the bin are good; but who would forego the splendor of those orchard days when every idle wind shook down a petal and every breath we drew was perfume laden.

By and by, when the children are all flown away, when some tired bits of feet have been laid away forever to rest, when some have wandered far in strange lands, and some are lost amid the shadows, when of the old home there remains nothing but the memory, like the perfume that clings to a shattered vase, we will find comfort in the remembrance of our fond and "foolish" love for another. The baby that mother rocked to sleep will never grow to be a very bad man; the lips that mother kissed so often will never be entirely sindefiled: the boy whom father made a comrade of will never walk quite out of sight in forbidden paths; the girl whom little brothers and sisters adored will never fall so low that the plummet line of tender memory cannot reach and save her.—*The Christian Life.*

THE SCARLET TANAGER.

AUDUBON LEAFLET.

The fabric woven by Nature is of such exquisite pattern that each thread must be examined in order to enable one to appreciate the composite whole. The bird student is naturally led to consider many phases of nature, insects, plants, and especially trees. Is there any more beautiful feature of out-of-door life than a forest? The trees of the forest are a lesson of patient endeavor, and their hoary trunks indicate the slow process by which Nature builds: each ring in the bole is a record of the ages taken to fashion this exquisite piece of Nature's handiwork. As one looks down the long aisles and vistas of trees, he is reminded of the stately columns in a great cathedral. Is it any wonder that the Druids held their religious ceremonies in Nature's temples, and that they deified the oak as the emblem of strength, while the clinging mistletoe typified the dependence of man? If one looks down, it is to find a carpet of many-hued wild flowers and mosses which hides the processes of change that are going on: the leaf of last year is turning into the mould that helps build the forest and serves as Nature's reservoir to store surplus rain, thus preventing devastating floods. Through the openings in the foliage the sunlight streams down and forms upon the ground mosaics of light and shadow, more beautiful in color and design than any ever fashioned by the hand of man. Longfellow says, "Nature with folded hands, seems kneeling there in prayer." It is while in this hallowed place we hear a voice in the tree-tops and, looking upward, see a tanager in his beautiful dress of scarlet and black, a true wood bird, a fitting occupant of such a home.

The tanager is a member of a large family of distinctly American birds. Dr. Sclater, the eminent British ornithologist, gives no less than 375 species, which are arranged in 59 genera.* Mr. Ridgway,† in his latest and most exhaustive work on American birds, states that 21 genera and 112 species are found in North and Middle America. Of these the scarlet tanager is the most conspicuous member of the family that is found in North America. It arrives at its summer home early in May and starts on its southward journey in the fall, late in September, or early in October. As the tanagers migrate by night, many of them become the victims of light-houses and thus give accurate records of migration dates, especially in the southward migration. It is of singular interest that the mortality occasioned by the light-stations is many times as great in the autumn as it is in the spring. What the reason for this difference is has not yet been discovered, although it may in some measure be accounted for from the fact that in the fall of the year there is more thick and misty weather than in the spring. From records made by the writer, female tanagers were migrating northward past Fire Island Light-house as late as May 15, and the same sex were migrating southward as early as September 23, while a young bird of the year had started south as early as September 18. The latest date in the fall furnished by a light-house victim was a male bird killed October 11. The tanager's breeding home is anywhere in Eastern United States, as far south and west as Missouri, and in the southern British provinces from Nova Scotia to Manitoba. In

* Catalogue, British Museum, Vol. XI.

† Bulletin of the United States National Museum, No. 50, Part II., 1902.

the winter it retires to some parts of the West Indies, and to South America as far as Peru.

Audubon says that the tanager "is very sensitive to cold, so much so, indeed, that in the State of Massachusetts, should a sudden change take place in the weather during the time of their spring migrations, hundreds die in the course of the night not only in the woods and orchards, but even in the towns and villages. I witnessed a like occurrence at Eastport in Maine late in May, when I was on my way to Labrador."

While at its summer home the scarlet tanager loves the deep woods, although it is often seen in orchards and clearings. The nest is a very frail affair, and it is usually saddled on a limb quite near its extremity, from ten to forty feet from the ground: it is composed of fine twigs and dried grasses, with a lining of rootlets. The clutch of eggs varies from three to five: they are greenish in color, much spotted with browns and purples.

Alexander Wilson, one of the early American ornithologists, and certainly one of the greatest in speaking of the song of the scarlet tanager, says* "Among the thick foliage of the tallest trees his simple and almost monotonous notes *chip, churr*, repeated at short intervals in a pensive tone may be occasionally heard, which appear to proceed from a considerable distance, though the bird be immediately above you, —a faculty bestowed on him by the beneficent author of Nature, no doubt for his protection, to compensate in a degree for the danger to which his glowing would often expose him. If he has little of melody in his notes to charm us, he has nothing in them to disgust." Wilson evidently failed to credit the tanager with its best vocal efforts, which all of the later observers and writers have done. In fact, the tanager is one of our best singers, being almost the equal of the rose-breasted grosbeak. The songs of the two birds are often mistaken, although it is claimed that the song of the tanager has not the roundness and fulness of that of the grosbeak, being somewhat harsh in its finish. In addition to the fascinating æsthetic qualities of color and song of the scarlet tanager it is of very great economic importance as its food consists largely of noxious insects, especially those found among the tree-tops: it also eats largely of wild fruits, with occasionally a few cultivated ones.

*American Ornithology: or, The Natural History of the Birds of the United States.

Wilson says: "His manners are modest, easy, and inoffensive. He commits no depredations on the property of the husbandman, but rather benefits him by the daily destruction in spring of many noxious insects; and, when winter approaches, he is no plundering dependent, but seeks in a distant country for that sustenance which the severity of the season denies to his industry in this." Among the most interesting and important branches of bird study is that of plumage and moult; in fact, without some knowledge of this subject the student makes little progress in his acquaintance with the birds commonly found about him. The scarlet tanager and his soberly colored consort are striking examples of differences of and also change in plumage. The illustration herewith, to some extent, explains itself. The female bird practically always wears the same dress so far as its color is concerned, although the material is renewed at intervals by moult. On the other hand the richly dressed male is subject to many changes. Commencing with the nest it has a *natal down*, which is followed by a *juvenal plumage:* this is succeeded by the *first winter plumage.* These latter plumages are very much in color like that of the female bird. This carries the male bird until the following spring, when by moult an entire change in appearance takes place and the tanager assumes the *first nuptial plumage* of scarlet vermilion, which is worn until the *post nuptial* moult takes place after the breeding season and just prior to the southward migration. It is known as the *adult winter plumage*. The male at this moult assumes a plumage very much like that of the female bird, but he can always be readily distinguished by his jet-black wings, the wings of the female bird being a brownish black. The bird student, especially the beginner, often wonders why it is that he fails to find any male scarlet tanagers in the late summer, and it is only after the subject of moult and change in plumage is understood that such enigmas are unravelled. During the *post nuptial* moult of the male the plumage assumes a parti-colored appearance that is very singular.*

Chivalry is that in me which every one whom I have power to injure can appeal.—*W. C. Gannett.*

*"The Sequence of Plumages and Moults of the Passerine Birds of New York," by Jonathan Dwight, Jr., Annals N.Y. Acad. Sci., vol. xiii., No. 1, pp. 73 to 360, Oct. 19, 1900 (Plates I. to VII.).

OVER THE TEACUPS WITH DR. O. W. HOLMES.

"Yes," said Dr. O. W. Holmes, as I sat with him over the teacups, in his charming library in Beacon Street, and he pointed to Cambridge, which lay across the shining river, "yes, there is my birthplace. Few people can see at one glance all that I can see,—birthplace, college, and the cemetery, where so many of my friends and relatives lie buried, and where I hope to lie one day myself."

"Ah, Dr. Holmes," I replied, "may that day be very far off, indeed: you are still young, you know."

"Yes, my friend, I have worn well; but you cannot cheat old age. I may be able to walk well at eighty, but you must catch the old man when he is asleep, when he is walking downstairs. It is then that old age tells—then that we feel that we are not what we once were. It is then that the occupation that was once a pleasure becomes a task. I feel that at times, but not always. I want, now and then, to be idle. I have just had a very tempting offer, but I hesitate about accepting it. No, you cannot cheat old age."

Here the old gentleman fell into a mood of thought, and I glanced round the pretty room, noting the well-known statuette of Thackeray, a duplicate of the one I saw at Charterhouse, his own beloved Charterhouse, the other day. There, too, in close proximity were "The Dying Gladiator" and "The Venus of Milo."

I crossed the room to look at the bookshelf,—books tell so much. The Doctor roused himself: "I have rather a miscellaneous collection of books. I tell a good many of my friends that they do not know half the interesting books there are. Now look at that edition of "The Celebrities of the Century." That is a very wonderful book. I am also very strong in encyclopædias, and I am very fond of those two dictionaries which lie there upon my writing table, always open. I am fond of catching a word, flying, and bringing it down. I criticise words very closely. In all boarding houses there is a dish called 'hash'! Now what do you understand by that?"

"Oh," I replied, "in England, that is what we understand by resurrected meat."

The Doctor laughed: "Yes, but I don't mean that. Is it minced?"

"No," I thought it was not.

"Exactly," said the Doctor, "you are right; but how few know that? An English lady gave me a written definition of the word, and so I know. Look at those red books, 'Old Yorkshire,' by William Smith. I feel I know Yorkshire and the old English life when I have read those works. And there, too, is another book, 'The Nation in the Parish.' You never heard of that book, I'll be bound, and yet it is written by a countryman of yours, the rector of Upton-on-Severn. There is genius in that title. It contains the condensed history of Englishmen everywhere. It is a book that has pleased me much."

Some conversation followed about the difference between English and American thoughts in various departments of life.

"Yes," I observed, "it is all very different from England. By the way, Dr. Holmes, did you enjoy your last visit there?"

"Very much, indeed. I was very ill, at times, but, on the whole, it was a delightful visit. I should like to see England again, but I don't feel I can risk the voyage. I was at the Derby in 1884, when Plenipotentiary, whose portrait is on the wall, won the race, and again in Ormonde's year, 1886. I rejoiced much in Salisbury Cathedral. It was the first I had ever seen. Stratford, too, how lovely,—how interesting! That is hallowed ground to all Americans! How many have died since I was in England! And I grieve to see the Archbishop of York, who was most kind to me, has gone, too. What struck me very forcibly was the existence of small, quasi-villages in London. Look at the region where our good mutual friend, Haweis lives: it is a little dimple in a great whirlpool."

SPLENDID OLD FRIENDS.

Here a pause, which I broke by saying: "Dr. Holmes, you must have known a vast number of very interesting, and very splendid people in your long life. Now, who rises pre-eminent, out of all the crowd, living or dead?"

The old man thoughtfully replied: "It is a good question,—an interesting question. I am, indeed, surrounded by so great a crowd of witnesses. What is it Matthew Arnold says of the three voices he heard at Oxford, —Newman, Carlyle, Emerson? Well, as I go backward, I hear many voices; but I have to discriminate, I have to clip the coin a great deal. One man is great in one direction, but limited in another—perhaps he is wanting in common sense. Professor Asa Gray, how will he do? He went far beyond his specialty. Then there is that

splendid man, James Freeman Clarke. But they are all dead. Pretty much all of my friends are dead. Whittier is a man we all revere and all respect, but about him there is a certain reticence. I miss Emerson and Longfellow very much. I used frequently to meet both of them at the Saturday Club, and that great hearty Agassiz—more life in him than in half a dozen common men, and whose laugh still rings in my ear. And then there was Thackeray. I remember, once, little Martin Tupper came rushing, benignly, in to see me."

Here, for a moment, your thoughts flew back to the quiet little house, in Sydenham, just beneath the shadow of the great Crystal Palace; and I recalled Martin Tupper telling me, as he did only two years ago, of his visit to the dear old autocrat, and of his pleasure therein; and here was the old gentleman, on the other side of the water, alluding to the selfsame visit.

"I asked Thackeray," continued Dr. Holmes, "if he knew him, and Thackeray cried out: 'Know dear little Tup? Why, of course I do.' But to go back to your question, 'Who stands out pre-eminent?' I asked the same question, once, of Julian C. Verplanck, the well-known collaborateur of Washington Irving. He slowly replied, 'I think Colonel Elisha Williams is the greatest man I have known, and the one who stands out in my memory before all others. 'Who on earth is that?' I asked. 'A lawyer of Western New York,' was his reply. 'You know it is not necessarily the greatest man who lives longest in your memory, or the most learned in *belles-lettres*.' My friend, Freeman Clarke, he was a glorious man. Then, there was Professor Peirce, the great mathematician. Emerson, too; and his voice! There was a *timbre* in that which you got nowhere else, more like the tone in the voice of some cathedral choir boy,—so delicate, so spiritual, so sweet a man, and yet a man of limitations. He had not much knowledge of science: he was a charming, discursive thinker, a high, stimulating thinker. . . . Let me answer your question by finally saying that I think more and more James Freeman Clarke is the man who of all others is most prominent, in the ranks of those I have loved and lost."

Another pause, during which I gazed upon the dear old gentleman who sat lost in thought. But my next question roused him, and it was astonishing to note how thoroughly on the *qui vive*, how bright and entirely alert, and how thoroughly and completely he was always *au courant du jour*. He seemed able, as indeed he was capable, of giving a good common-sense opinion on each subject that came up.

It was with a good deal of interest that I said: "I wish you would tell me something about your own writings. You know, Dr. Holmes, you are just as much loved and appreciated in England as you are in your own country. Now, do tell me, without my bothering you with questions, something about your life and your writings."

The Doctor smiled as he observed: "A large order, this; indeed, a very large order. It is an astonishment to me to feel that the world loves me so much, but it is also a great joy. I think the cause of my good health—for you say you want to know something about me personally—is that, although not quite a teetotaller, I have always drunk very sparingly,—a good remark to make over the teacups is it not?" the old gentleman smilingly added, "and I have never smoked. My father lived in that old house, of which you can see an engraving, there, and he it was of whom Bancroft, the historian, always spoke as 'the accurate Holmes.' We are descended from John Holm, who in 1686 went to Woodstock, in Connecticut,—at least that is our belief. My father was a Yale man and a clergyman. He settled in the South, and came North to Cambridge, where, as I told you, I was born."

AS THE AUTOCRAT.

"The literary style, of course, alters with the passing years. It is very different from what it was when I was young; not that I ever conformed to its formal severity. With regard to the curiously realistic tendency of to-day, both in art and in literature, well, Mr. Blathwayt, I am a *laudatur temporis acti*, and see good in all things; I read new books in a very capricious way; nor do I make any serious attempt to keep up with the times. I read many journals. Of late years I have heard more of English appreciation of my books, and the English reviews of my last book, 'Over the Teacups,' were very kind. Of course I was the 'Autocrat,' and many of the opinions I gave were my own. You see, under that title I had a license, which I could not have had, had I been writing under my own name. In 'Over the Teacups' I am the Dictator. I have sketched a few characters, making the difference you would naturally find in a breakfast and a tea table set. The difficulty with me now in writing is that I don't like to start on anything. I al-

ways feel that people must be saying, 'Are you not rash at eighty years of age to write for young people who think a man old at forty?'

"No, I have no definite opinions as to the respective merits of English and American literature. We have original men, Hawthorne, for instance. Two or three stand entirely apart because they lived apart in a new life,—Bret Harte, with his California experience; and Mark Twain has told his experiences, with a twang upon them and a great freshness. The first and earliest of our humorists was John Phœnix, really funny. As regards my own writing, there was no special art about it, merely written from hand to mouth. I began in the *Atlantic Monthly*. I thought I had written myself out; but I waited a little, and things came of themselves. I enjoyed writing then, but now, as I said, I don't like to be stirred up to fresh efforts. I could write easily, every morning, but for my daily correspondence. I am kept busy with my secretary all the morning, and this spoils the day. I am much written to for my autograph, and so long as people will send addressed envelopes, I am pleased to gratify their request. I get many kind and sympathetic letters. One reader I always feel sure of, and he is a man who was once shipwrecked, with half of my books.

FAVORITES.

"I think the freshest of all my books is the 'Autocrat,' and the most peculiar, is 'Elsie Venner,' and there are two of my poems which I feel I really like. The one line I often prefix to my autograph is the last line of the 'One Horse Shay,'—'Logic is logic.' The young ladies at Lowell, I am told, have got up a society, or club, called after my latest book, 'Over the Teacups.' They are going to read, and take the characters of the teacup circle. I am clearing up things well. I am writing two memoirs, now,—one, of one of our great surgeons and another one. And look at this, my latest discovery, the fountain pen. It is very superior to the stylographic. I am a reasonably quick writer. I am a slow composer and reader, but, when every word has to be torted, distinctly, why, one must be slow. I write both easily, and with difficulty, like Planchette. I am a stupid fellow at times and require the lash; but, when I am stirred up, I am impatient, and don't want to waste time dipping a pen in the ink."

As I rose to go, the dear old gentleman impressed on me a parting aphorism, perhaps, because he pitied, and would fain cure my obvious modesty. "My friend," said he, "vanity is one of the most useful things on earth. People would go to pieces but for it: it keeps them together."—*Raymond Blathwayt.*

TRAVEL NOTES.

It was while riding some hours from Mar Saba through the low hills before coming out on the blighted flats of the Dead Sea, that one of those pictures passed before me which are ever after hung up in the mind's gallery among the choicest of the spoils of Eastern travel. By some chance I was alone, riding a few hundred yards in front of the caravan, when, turning the corner of a hill, I met a man approaching me, the only one I had seen for several hours since we passed a few black tents, eight or ten miles away. He was a noble-looking young shepherd, dressed in the camel's-hair robe, and with the lithesome, powerful limbs and elastic step of the children of the desert. But the interest which attached to him was the errand on which he had manifestly been engaged on those Dead Sea plains from whence he was returning. Round his neck, and with its little limbs held gently by his hand, lay a lamb he had rescued, and was doubtless carrying home. The little creature lay as if perfectly contented and happy, and the man looked pleased as he strode along lightly with his burden; and, as I saluted him with the usual gesture of pointing to heart and head and the "Salaam alik" ("Peace be with you"), he responded with a smile and a kindly glance at the lamb, to which he saw my eyes were directed. It was actually the beautiful parable of the gospel acted out before my sight. Every particular was true to the story: the shepherd had doubtless left his "ninety-and-nine in the wilderness," round the black tents we had seen so far away, and had sought for the lost lamb "till he found it," where it must quickly have perished without his help among those blighted plains. Literally too, "when he had found it, he laid it on his shoulders, rejoicing."

It was one of the brightest hours of my happy life, that on which I stood on the deck of our ship at sunrise and passed under "Sunium's marble steep" and knew that I was approaching Athens. As we

steamed up the gulf, the red clouds flamed over Parnes and Hymettus and lighted up the hills of Peloponnesus. The bright blue waves were dancing under our prow, and I could see over them, far away, the "rocky brow which looks o'er sea-born Salamis," where Xerxes sat on his silver-footed throne on such a morn as this. Above to our right, over the olive woods, with the rising sun behind it, like a crowned hill, was the Acropolis of Athens and the Parthenon upon it.

Shortly before my visit to Athens an article, or book, by Mr. Trelawney had been published in England, in which that writer asserted that Byron's lame leg was a most portentous deformity, like the fleshless leg of a Satyr. I mentioned this to Mr. Finlay, who laughed, and said: "'That reminds me of what Byron said of Trelawney: 'If we could but make Trelawney wash his hands and speak the truth, we might make a gentleman of him!'" "Of course," continued Mr. Finlay, "I saw Byron's legs scores of times, for we bathed together daily whenever we were near the sea or a river, and there was nothing wrong with the *leg*, only an ordinary and not very bad club-*foot*."

I left Athens and my kind friends with great regret and embarked at the Piræus for Constantinople, but not before I had managed to secure a luxurious swim in one of the exquisite rocky coves along the coast near the Tomb of Themistocles.

ANGELS UNAWARES.

Of course the reader will assume that I saw St. Sophia. But I did not do so, and to the last I fear I shall owe a little grudge to the people whose extraordinary behavior made me lose my sole opportunity of enjoying that most interesting sight. I told my *valet de place* to learn what parties of foreigners were going to obtain the needful *firmaun* for visiting the Mosque, and to arrange for me in the usual way to join one of them, paying my share of the expense, which at that time amounted to five pounds. Some days were lost, and then I learned that there was only one party, consisting of American ladies and gentlemen, who were then intending to visit the place, and that for some reason their courier would not consent to my joining them. I thought it was some stupid *imbroglio* of servants wanting fees, and, having the utmost confidence in American kindness and good manners, I called on the family in question at their hotel and begged they would do me the favor to allow me to pay part of the £5, and to enter the doors of St. Sophia with them, accordingly, at such time as might suit them. To my amazement the gentleman and ladies looked at each other; and then the gentleman spoke, "Oh! I leave *all that* to my courier!" "In that case," I said, "I wish you good morning." It was a great bore for me, with my great love for architecture, to fail to see so unique a building but I could not think of spending five pounds on a *firmaun* for myself, and had no choice but to relinquish the hope of entering, and merely walk round the Mosque and peep in where it was possible to do so. I was well cursed in doing this by the old Turks for my presumption!

Nemesis overtook these unmannerly people erelong, for they reached Florence a month after me and found I had naturally told my tale of disappointment to the Brownings (whom they particularly desired to cultivate), the Somervilles, Trollopes, and others who had become my friends; and I believe they heard a good deal of the matter. Mrs. Browning, I know, frankly expressed her astonishment at their behavior; and Mrs. Somerville would have nothing to say to them. They sent me several messages of conciliation and apology, which of course I ignored. They had done a rude and unkind thing to an unknown and friendless woman. They were ready to make advances to one who had plenty of friends. It was the only case, in all my experience of Americans, in which I have found them wanting in either courtesy or kindness.—*Frances Power Cobbe*.

FREDERICA BREMER'S DOMESTIC RULES.

"All domestic animals shall be kept with the utmost care and treated in a friendly and kind manner. They shall live happily, and shall be killed in that mode which will make death least painful to them.

"These and several other commands shall be contained in my laws. How unnecessarily cruelty is perpetrated every day, because people never think of what they do! And how uncalled for, how unworthy, is cruelty toward animals! Is it not enough that in the present arrangement of things they are sentenced during their lives to be subject to us, and after their deaths to serve us for food, without our embittering yet more this heavy lot? We are compelled, in many cases, to act hostilely toward them, but there is no reason why we need become cruel

enemies. How unspeakably less would they not suffer if, in all those circumstances in which they resemble mankind, in the weakness of their age, in the suffering of their sickness, and in death, we acted humanely toward them!

"There were laws in the old world which made mildness toward animals the holiest duty of man, while the violation of such laws was severely punished; and we, Maria, we, who acknowledge a religion of love, shall we act worse toward the animal creation than the heathen did? Did not He who established the kingdom of love on earth say that not a sparrow fell to the ground without the knowledge of our Father which is in heaven? Observe, Maria, he said not that the sparrow should not fall, but that it should not fall without being seen by the Universal Father. Yes, all the unnecessary suffering which the intemperance, the folly, the cruelty of man occasion to animals, is also seen; and heard, too, is the lamentable cry and the complaint which the same causes. And, on the other side the grave, may not its annoyance add yet one more pang to hell, and trouble even the peace of the spirits in heaven?"—"*The Neighbors*," *Frederica Bremer.*

BIBLE NOTES.

The Jews had a strong belief that the age of the world, in which they were then living was drawing to a close. Whether the end of the age was to arrive sooner or later, whether it was to be followed by the day of judgment, or by the destruction of the world, or by the beginning of a new age, they were not agreed; but so strong was this belief that it appears in their religious language; and, when a writer says that anything is to last "till the end of the age," he leaves us in doubt whether he means *forever*, or for a short and fixed period of time.

It would be more satisfactory if a Greek word, wherever it is met with, could be translated into the same English word; but this is often impossible, as it may have several distinct meanings. Thus we have one Greek word which seems to mean *messenger, angel, ghost, preacher*, as in the following sentences: In Luke vii. 24 we have, "And when John's *messengers* were gone, he began to say." In Acts v. 19 we find, "An *angel* of the Lord, by night opened the prison doors." In Acts xii. 15, when Peter appeared at home, while he was thought to be at a distance in prison, we have, "Then they said it is his *Ghost*." And in 1 Timothy iii. 16 we have, "One who was made manifest in flesh was justified in spirit, was seen by preachers,* was proclaimed among the Gentiles, was believed on in the world, and was received up in glory." In these four quotations we find four English words in place of one Greek word. So, also, the word translated *prophet* generally means a man gifted with the power of foretelling future events, as in Matthew xxvi. 56, "All this hath been done that the writings of the *prophets* might be fulfilled." But this word sometimes means a man who has the power of extempore speaking, as in Acts xiii. 1, "Now there were at Antioch, in the church there, certain *prophets*, and teachers, as Barnabas, and Simeon, who was called Niger, and Lucios of Cyrene, and Manuen, the schoolfellow of Herod, the Tetrach, and Saul."—"*Historic Notes on the Old and New Testaments*," *by Samuel Sharpe.*

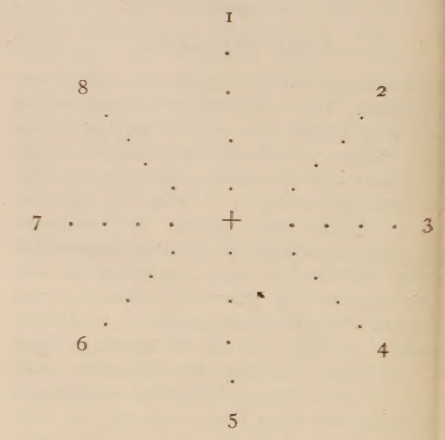
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

(Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.)

I.

A WHEEL.

The central letter of this wheel is the first letter of each of the eight words composing it.



1. A seat for a rider, on a horse's back.
2. Recompense paid for services.
3. A fish of northern climates.
4. Synonym for rare.

*Anggelos.

5. Upper branch of a legislature.
6. A soft metal used for jewelry, etc.
7. Artists working-rooms.
8. To inspect, or take a view of.

II.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. What island is slow about things?
2. What island, in former times, received many famous heads?
3. What group should always have a pleasant breeze?
4. What island is justly feared for its jumping and kicking?
5. What island should yield delicious dishes?
6. From what islands should we expect great hospitality?

—*Every Other Sunday.*

III.

ADDITIONS.

1. Add one hundred to illuminating fluid and make perplexity.
2. Add five hundred to a beverage and make a place between hills.
3. Add one thousand to the extreme point and make to repair.
4. Add fifty to an atom and make a fabric of fine thread.
5. Add five to frozen fluid and make an instrument for holding work.

IV.

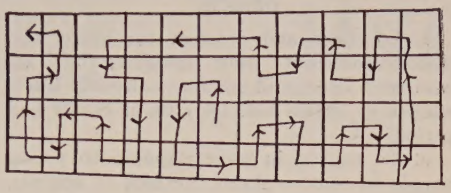
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In map, but not in mate.
In lake, but not in sea.
In Saratoga, but not in Rome.
In port, but not in harbor.
In fort, but not in forge.
In side, but not in river.
In Auburn, but not in Altoona.
In Utica, but not in Orange.
In red, but not in blue.
In Carthage, but not in Attica.
In hut, but not in tent.
My *whole* is the name of a battle fought in September.

Answers to Puzzles in the July-August Number.

I. ENIGMA.—Declaration of Independence.

II. LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.—



Theodore Parker, Walter Scott, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

III. SUGGESTIONS.—1. Fridjof Nansen. 2. Moses. 3 Queen Elizabeth. 4. Julius Cæsar. 5. Cleopatra.

IV. CHANGED INITIALS.—1. Budge—Judge. 2. Ego—Ago. 3. Pile—Mile. 4. Last—East. 5. Table—Sable. 6. Ire—Ore. 7. Boil—Toil. 8. Ace—Ice. 9. Deer—Seer. James Otis.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[L'Envoi, read at the Saturday Club, April 24, 1886.]

May all good thoughts go with thee from this shore,
All kindly greetings meet thee on the other;
Bring all they can, they will not give thee more
Than we send with thee, poet, friend, and brother.

While thou art absent, we will say, "How often
The gloom from off our hearts his smile has lifted,
How well he knew our harder mood to soften,
With gleams of sunlight where the storm-clouds drifted!

"And how, when that o'erwhelming weight of duty
Pressed upon Lincoln's weary hand and brain,
Our Holmes's song of tenderness and beauty
Gave that worn heart a moment's rest again!"

Go then, dear friend, by all good hopes attended;
To Mother England go, our carrier-dove,
And say that this great race, from her's descended,
Sends in its Holmes an Easter-gift of love.

J. F. C.

He who postpones the hour of living well is like the peasant who waits until the river shall cease to flow.—*Horace.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

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Subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, October 1, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

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NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

The Editor, happening to find a clipping with the conversation between Dr. Holmes and an English visitor (Mr. Blathwayt) printed in this number, thought it would be interesting especially at this time. On reading it, she feared that the mention of James Freeman Clarke would give the impression that it was chosen because of this passage, and therefore she at first decided not to use it. But it seemed a pity to omit the article for this reason. So it is printed, with the hope that this explanation will make it clear that no personal motive or feeling caused the selection, but rather, so far as any such feeling existed, it almost resulted in the omission of the article.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Any subscriber not receiving the paper regularly is requested to notify the Secretary.

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